No. 1.

LITTLE BRANCHES

by

Chas. H. Gabriel.
W. S. Nickle

PUBLISHED BY
MEYER & BROTHER,
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CHICAGO, ILL.

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Little Branches.

A COLLECTION OF

Songs Prepared Especially

FOR THE

Primary and Infant Departments

OF THE

SUNDAY SCHOOL,

BY

CHAS. H. GABRIEL
AND
W. S. NICKLE.

PUBLISHED BY
MEYER & BROTHER,
108 Washington Street,
CHICAGO.

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PREFACE.

"Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

In the preparation of the within pages, we have kept in mind the words of Paul:—"When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child."—and have endeavored to produce for the little people a collection of cheerful, tuneful, pleasing and instructive childish songs; not a symposium of poetic genius or classic harmonies, but a variety of such easy rhymes and melody as will be quickly learned and appreciated by those for whom we labor, and to whom we dedicate this little work—the children.

"And whoso shall receive one such little child in my name receiveth me."

Chicago, 1893.

Chas. H. Gabriel,
W. S. Nickle.

LITTLE BRANCHES.

No. 1. **Little Branches.**

C. H. G. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Lit - tle branches of the Vine, Je - sus, we are tru- ly Thine;
2. Lit - tle branches, but we cling To the Vine, our Lord and King;
3. Lit - tle branches grow in strength, Bearing precious fruit at length;

May we ev - er fruitful be, Giv - ing glo - ry un - to Thee.
In His love may we a-bide, Liv - ing meekly at His side.
Hap - py all the day are we, Growing, Savior dear, for Thee.

REFRAIN.

Lit - tle branches of the Vine, Blessed Je-sus, we are Thine.

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No. 2. Branches of the Vine.

Mrs. Ida M. Budd. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Je - sus the liv - ing Vine is, We are the branches small;
2. God is the great Vine-dresser, To Him the fruits be - long;
3. Kindness, and love, and patience, These are the fruits so fair,
4. Let us, dear God, be faith-ful, That when Thy face we see,

If we a - bide not in Him, We can - not grow at all.
He helps the lit - tle branches Fruit-ful to be, and strong.
That e'en the small-est branches Of the great Vine may bear.
We may with joy and gladness Of - fer our fruits to Thee.

CHORUS.

Help us, O lov - ing Fa - ther, Dai - ly to grow for Thee;

That in the great here-aft-er, We may Thy beau-ty see.

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No. 3.

Little Soldiers.

L. E. Jones. W. S. Nickle.

1. We are lit - tle Sol - diers Of the King a - bove;
2. Marching on to vic - t'ry, Je - sus leads the way;
3. Foes are all a - round us, But we need not fear;

We are march- ing on - ward, Trust-ing in His love.
May our hearts and voic - es Praise Him all the day.
Naught can ev - er harm us When the Lord is near.

CHORUS.

Hail, all hail! a thou - sand voic - es sing,

Rit.

Hail, all hail! to Christ the chil-dren's King.

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No. 4. Even the Waifs of the Street,

J. A. Fraser, Jr. — Fred Welden.

Moderato.

1. Je-sus loves children, the Bible says so, He will be with them where-
2. "Suffer the children to come unto me," Those words He spoke beside
3. Ragged and tattered and hungry, the waif May to the Sav-ior re-

p

ev-er they go, Shield them from harm thro' the darkness of night,
blue Gal-i-lee; Not the rich on-ly, His sweet message greets,
pair and be safe; Christ once was friendless and hungry and poor,

CHORUS.

Guide them and help them all day to do right.
Je-sus loves e-ven the waifs of the streets. Shout the glad news to
That's why He pit-ies the waifs at the door.

each one you meet, Je-sus loves e-ven the waifs of the street.

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No. 8. He Loves Me, Too.

MARIA STRAUB. S. W. STRAUB.

1. God sees the lit - tle spar-row fall, It meets His ten - der view;
2. He paints the lil - y of the field, Perfumes each lil - y bell;
3. God made the lit-tle birds and flow'rs, And all things large and small;

If God so loves the lit - tle birds, I know He loves me, too.
If He so loves the lit - tle flowr's, I know He loves me well.
He'll not for - get His lit - tle ones. I know He loves them all.

CHORUS.

He loves me, too, He loves me, too, I know He loves me, too;

Because He loves the lit - tle things, I know He loves me, too.

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No. 6. Jesus' Little Ones.

C. H. G. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

SOLO.

1 Je - sus' lit - tle ones are we, From all sin we would be free;
2. In the straight and nar-row way, He will lead us day by day.
3. Tho' these lit-tle hands are frail, And their strength can not a-vail.

More like Him would dai-ly be, For He loves us so.
Seek us when we go a - stray, For He loves us so.
Je - sus' love will nev - er fail, For He loves us so.

CHORUS.

Je - sus is the Morning Star, We His lit-tle chil-dren are:

And He watches from a - far, For He loves us so.

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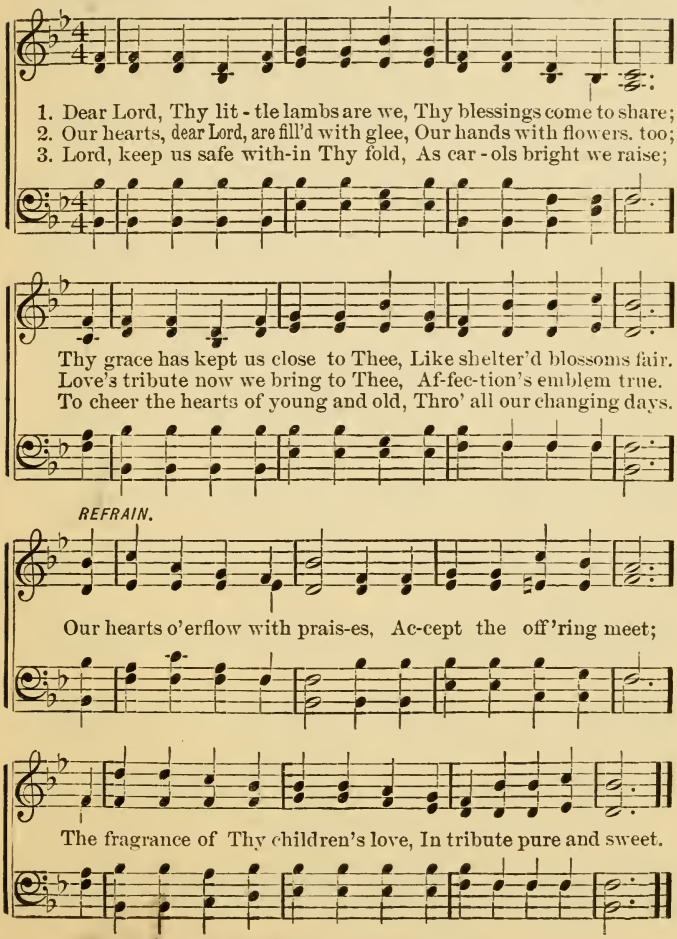
No. 7. Our Hearts O'erflow with Praises.

D. W. EBERT. HARRY J. KURZENKNABE.



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No. 8. Little Reapers.

With spirit. Rev. J. H. Weber.

1. We are lit - tle reap - ers, Toil - ing thro' the day,
2. We are lit - tle reap - ers, In the fields of sin,
3. We are lit - tle reap - ers, In the har - vest field,

Lab-'ring in the har - vest O'er the ston - y way;
Striv - ing for the Mas - ter Pre - cious souls to win;
Truth and right the sick - les That we there do wield;

Glean - ing 'mong the this - tles, Search-ing thro' the rain,
Point - ing them to Je - sus, To the Lamb of God,
And we la - bor ev - er, 'Neath our Fa - ther's eye,

Fine.

Fit - ting for the gar - ner Bright and gold - en grain.
Fol - low - ing his foot - steps In the paths He trod.
Gath - er - ing the bright sheaves For the home on high.

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Little Reapers. Concluded.

CHORUS.

Toil - ing, toil - ing, toil - ing all the day,

D. S. al Fine.

Toil - ing, toil - ing in this hap - py way.

No. 9. Jesus, I Come to Thee.

E. Johnson. W. Johnson.

1. Je - sus, I come to Thee, In weak-ness help Thou me,
2. Keep me by night and day, Nor let me ev - er stray,
3. Washed in Thy precious blood, And so brought nigh to God,

My strength and ref - uge be, Je - sus, my Lord.
From Thee, the liv - ing way, Je - sus, my Lord.
I'll sound Thy praise a - broad, Je - sus, my Lord.

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No. 10. Do no Sinful Action.

C. F. ALEXANDER. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Do no sin - ful ac - tion, Speak no an - gry word;
2. There's a wick - ed spir - it Watch-ing 'round you still,
3. List not to the tempt-er, Tho' 'tis hard for you

Ye be - long to Je - sus, Chil - dren of the Lord.
And he tries to tempt you In - to harm and ill.
To re - sist the e - vil, And the good to do.

CHORUS.

Christ is kind and gen - tle, Christ is pure and true,

And His lit - tle chil-dren, Must be ho - ly, too.

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No. 11. Golden Days.

LAURA E. NEWELL. GEO. F. ROSCHE.

1. Days, these au-tumn days so rare, Gold-en days, gold-en days,
2. Childhood yields us pure de-light, Gold-en days, gold-en days,
3. Life may yield us to the last, Gold-en days, gold-en days,

While the earth is pass-ing fair, Mer-ry sound our lays.
Brings us joy from morn till night, Hearts are full of praise.
If we hold God's promise fast He will guide our ways.

CHORUS.

Summer sweet has gone a-way, Fields will soon be sere and gray;
3d. v. Un-to God our pray'rs as-cend, He is still the children's friend;

Yet a-gain will balm-y May Come with gold-en days.
We will praise Him to the end For life's gold-en days.

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No. 12. **Busy Little Gleaners.**

"CARLIN." I. BALTZELL.

1. The reap-ers now for many a day, Have toiled a-mid the grain;
2. With hope and strength we gleaners search The golden grain fields thro';
3. And when our work on earth is done—Our gleaning days all o'er,

But we come in from hill and dale, A bus-y glean-er train.
With songs of gladness on our lips As we our work pur-sue.
We'll car-ry home our gather'd sheaves, And rest for-ev-er-more.

FULL CHORUS. Lively.

We are bus - y glean - ers, Cheer-ful lit - tle glean - ers,

Work - ing for the Mas - ter in the har - vest field;

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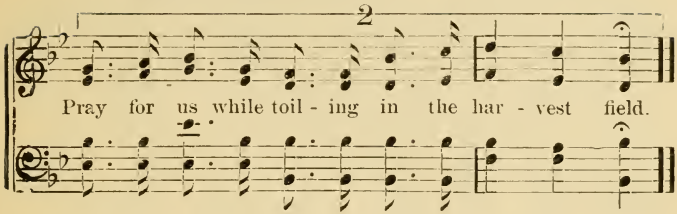
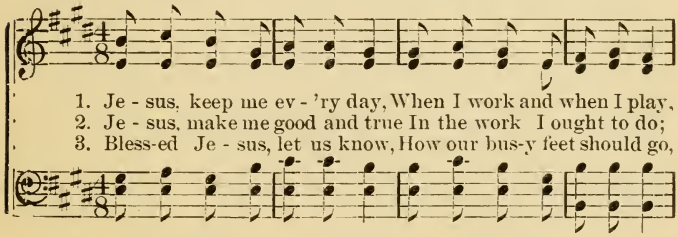
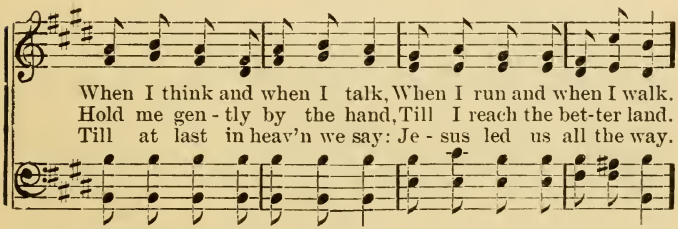
Busy Little Gleaners. Concluded.



No. 13. Jesus, Help Me.

Rev. J. O. Foster. Chas. H. Gabriel.





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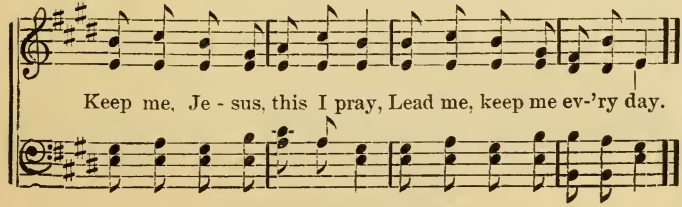

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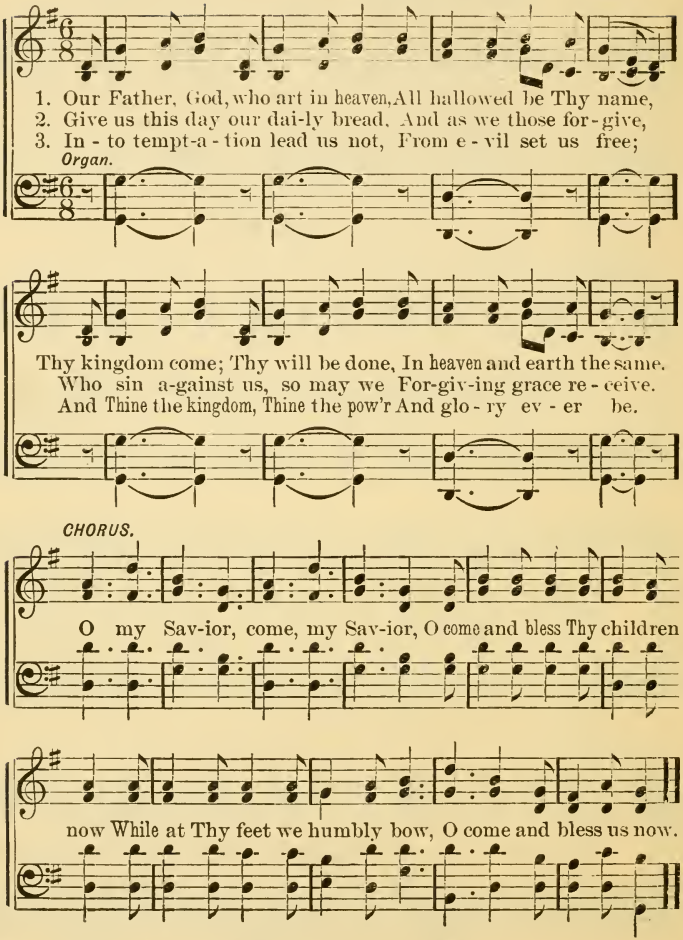
No. 14. The Lord's Prayer.

A. JUDSON. Arr. from Rev. BENJ. A. STUBBINS.



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No. 15. The Savior's Invitation.

Rev. Tom. C. Neal. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Hear the blessed Sav-ior say-ing, "Let the children come to me!"
2. Yes, the gracious in - vi - ta-tion's To the young, as well as old;
3. Let us try to be like Je - sus, Love and serve him ev'ry day;

Organ.

Joy - ful-ly He will re-ceive them, And their friend forever be.
And the lambs are ev - er wel-come To the loving Shepherd's fold.
Then we'll have a home in heav-en When from earth we pass away.

CHORUS.

"Let them come un-to me," Hear the bless-ed Sav-ior say,

Sweet the call un - to all, May we heed it and o - bey.

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No. 16. What Need of Thee!

ANON. J. R. MURRAY.

1. Thou knowest, oh, my Sav - ior dear, What need I have of thee!
2. My weight of ill I could not bear, My duties could not do,
3. My heart would toil for love's dear sake, For love the on-ly prize;
4. Yet still me-thinks I hear Thy voice, "Let love and longing rest;

Each se - cret sigh Thy heart doth hear, Each hid-den grief doth see.
If Thou didst not the sor - row share, And bear the burden, too.
So on love's al - tar life shall make Per-pet-ual sac - ri - fice.
Who waits, nor urg-es oth - er choice, May serve me most and best."

CHORUS.

What need of Thee! what need of Thee! What need I have of Thee!

Thou knowest, oh, my Sav - ior dear, What need I have of Thee.

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No. 17. An Evening Prayer.

F. R. H. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Now the light has gone a- way, Sav - ior, list - en while I pray,
2. Je - sus, Sav-ior, wash a-way All that has been wrong today,
3. Let my near and dear ones be Always near and dear to Thee:
4. Thou my best and kindest friend, Thou wilt love me to the end!

Ask-ing Thee to watch and keep, And to send me qui - et sleep.
Help me ev - 'ry day to be, Good and gentle, more like Thee.
Oh, bring me and all I love To Thy hap-py home a - bove.
Let me love Thee more and more, Always bet- ter than be - fore.

REFRAIN.

Sav - ior, hear, oh, hear my ev'n - ing prayer.

Sav - ior, hear, oh, hear my ev'n - ing prayer.

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No. 18. Consecration Hymn.

M. F. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. "Just as I am," Thine own to be, Friend of the young who
2. In the glad morn-ing of my day, My life to give, my
3. And for Thy sake to win re-nown, And then to take the

lov - est me: To con - se - crate my - self to Thee, O
vow to pay, With no re - serve and no de - lay, With
vic-tor's crown, And at Thy feet to cast it down, O

REFRAIN.

Sav - ior dear, I come.
all my heart I come
Mas- ter, Lord, I come.

O bless-ed Lord, I come to Thee, For

ev - er thine a - lone to be, I come, (I come,)

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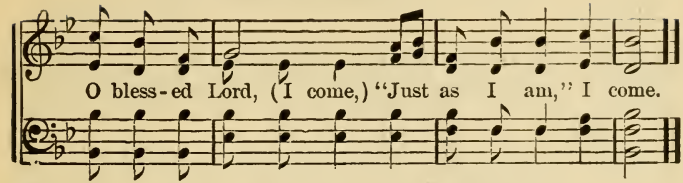
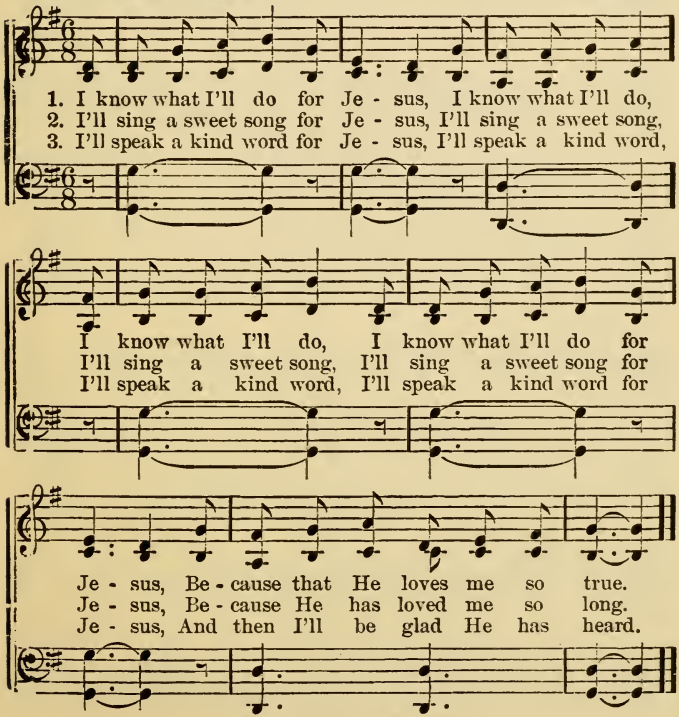
Consecration Hymn. Concluded.



No. 19. I Know What I'll do for Jesus.

Mrs. L. M. B. Bateman. J. H. Fillmore.



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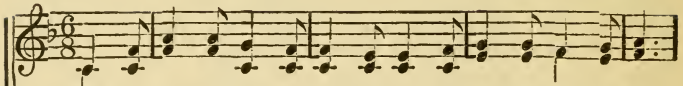
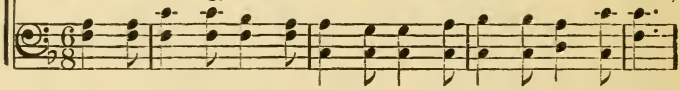
No. 20. Let the Little Children Come.

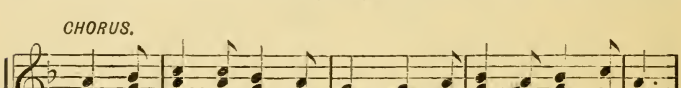
H. A. L. HENRY A. LEWIS.



1. Hear the lov-ing Sav- ior say-ing, "Let the lit - tle children come,
2. He so earn- est- ly is pleading, At His feet, oh, haste to bow,
3. We are coming, blessed Je- sus, And beside Thee we will stand,

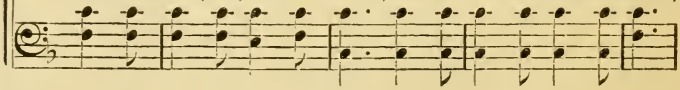


In my Father's heav'nly mansions, Such as these shall find a home."
See, He stands with arms extended, Waiting to re-ceive you now.
With Thy ten-der arm a-round us, Guide us to the glo - ry-land.

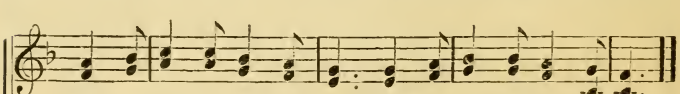


CHORUS.

Let them come, oh, let them come, Let the lit - tle children come;



Let them come, oh, let them come, Let the lit - tle children come.



BY PERMISSION.

No. 21. The Little Lord Jesus.

MARTIN LUTHER. C. H. G.

1. A - way in a man - ger, No crib for His bed,
2. The cat - tle are low - ing, The poor ba - by wakes,
3. Be near me, Lord Je - sus, I ask Thee to stay

The lit - tle Lord Je - sus Lay down His sweet head;
But lit - tle Lord Je - sus, No cry - ing He makes:
Close by me for - ev - er, And love me, I · pray:

The stars in the heav - ens Looked down where He lay,
I love Thee, Lord Je - sus, Look down from the sky,
Bless all the dear chil - dren In Thy ten - der care,

The lit - tle Lord Je - sus, A - sleep in the hay.
And stay by my cra - dle, To watch lul - la - by.
And take us to heav - en To live with Thee there.

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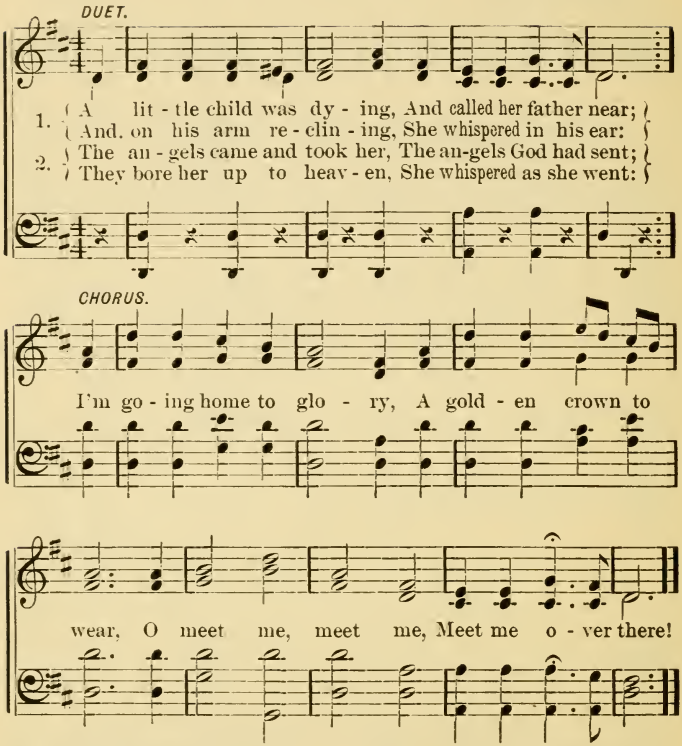
No. 22. Meet Me Over There.

E. A. H. E. A. HOFFMAN.



3 The father was no Christian,
His sins were unforgiv'n;
He could not, as she begged him,
Rejoin her up in heaven.

4 He gave his heart to Jesus,
Who took its stains away,
And now in Christ believing,
The father, too, can say:

5 That voice is still appealing,
"O meet me over there!"
To us it is a summons
For heaven to prepare.

6 Soon we shall pass life's portals,
Soon we shall fade and die;
In our departing moments
May we exultant cry:

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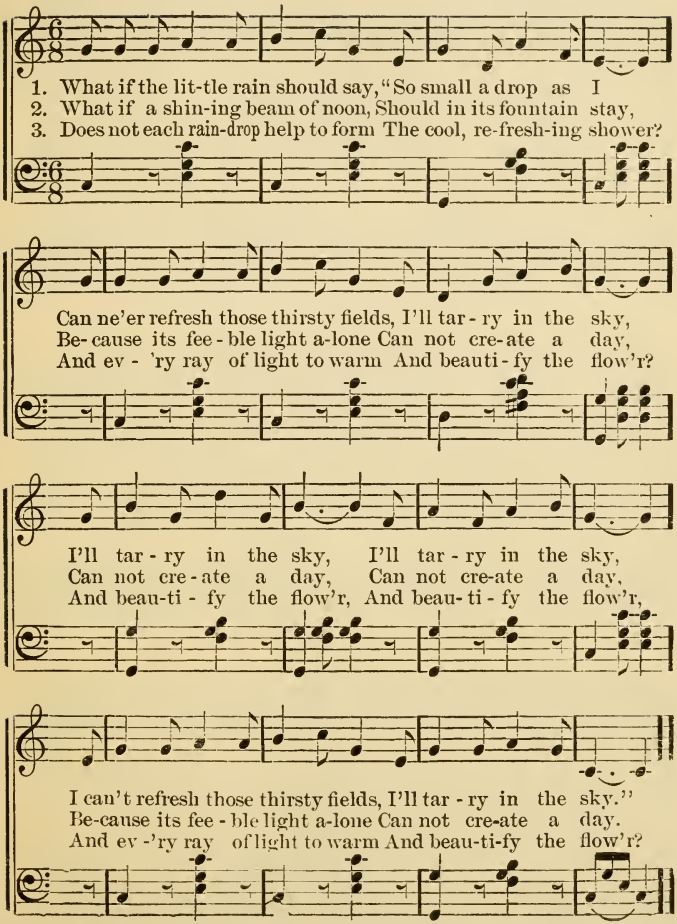
No. 23. What Would Come to Pass?

CHAS. H GABRIEL.



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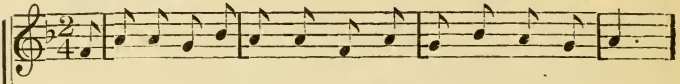
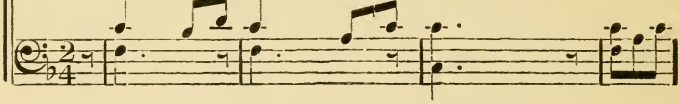
No. 24. What I Would Not Be.

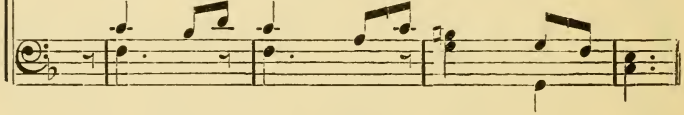
Rev. Wm. Appel. Chas. H. Gabriel.



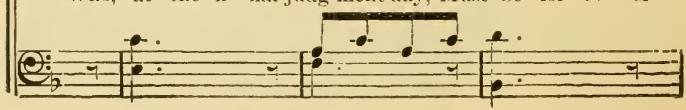
1. I would not be a fruitless tree, With fol - iage o'er and o'er,
2. I would not be a fruitless branch On Christ, who is the vine,
3. I would not be a barren ground, Re - fus - ing aught to yield
4. I would not be a servant mean And hide beneath the ground



On which the Master's eye might find But leaves, and nothing more;
And cast abroad my dead-ly shade Where sunlight ought to shine,—
But choking thistles, thorns and tares,—A bad and worthless field,
The tal-ent giv-en by my Lord—At last a sloth be found,



On which the Master's curse might fall And wither root, and
The which the husband-man must spurn And cast in - to the
From which the Lord would turn away, And leave it ev - er
Who, at the fi - nal judg-ment day, Must be for - ev - er



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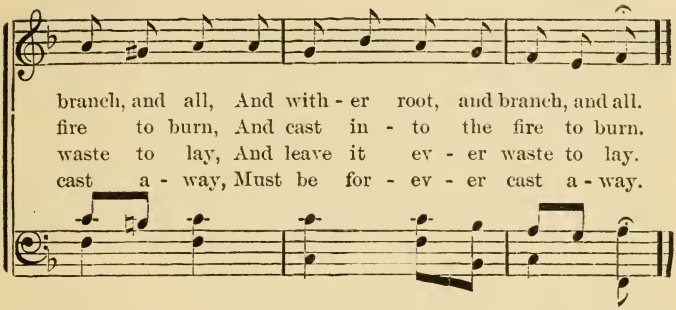
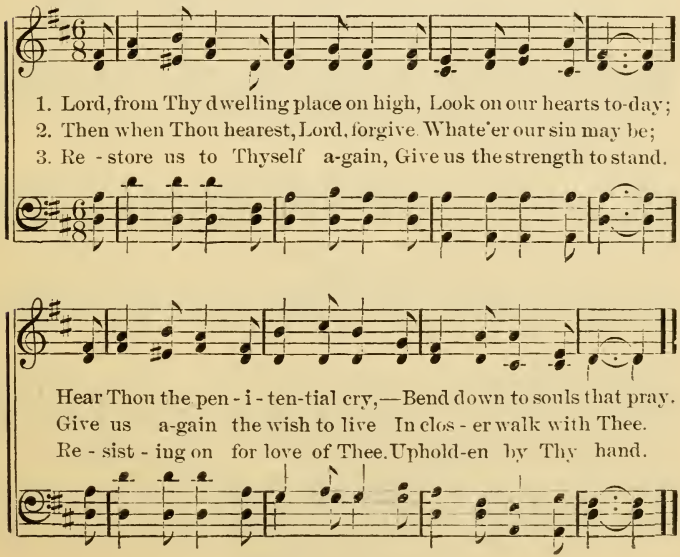
What I Would Not Be. Concluded.



No. 25. Prayer.

GRACE H. DUFFIELD. G.



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No. 26. Room in Thine Arms, Dear Jesus.

EMMA PITT. J. H. KURZENKNABE.

1. Room in Thine arms, dear Je - sus, For lit - tle ones like me;
2. Room in Thine arms, dear Je - sus, Why should I stay a - way?
3. Room in Thine arms, dear Je - sus, As in the days of old;
4. And when we meet Thee, Sav-ior, In yon bright hap-py home,

I'll go to Thee, dear Sav- ior, Where I shall hap-py be.
With words of love so ten- der, Thou bidst me come to-day.
While Thou so sweet- ly call- est, I'll en - ter in Thy fold.
In Thy dear arms Thou'lt fold us, For there is ev - er room.

CHORUS.

Room in the arms of Je - sus, Room for me, room for me;

Room in the arms of Je - sus, For lit - tle ones like me.

BY PER. J. H. KURZENKNABE.

No. 27. Jesus, Savior, Dear to Me.

J. S. N. J. S. NORRIS.

1. O lov-ing Savior, kind and true, Show me what I ought to do;
2. O lov-ing Savior, more like Thee, Ev-'ry day I want to be;
3. O lov-ing Savior, Thou art mine, For I'm gladly, ful-ly Thine.

D. C. O Je-sus, Sav-ior, dear to me, May I ev-er walk with Thee,

Fine.

Teach me how to watch and pray, E-ven each day, (each day.)
Make me pure and fair with-in,—Cleanse from all sin, (all sin.)
By me, Lord, each day and hour, Display Thy pow'r, (Thy pow'r.)

Lead me to Thy home a-bove, Where all is love, (is love.)

CHORUS.

Thou wast once a lit-tle child, So loving, gentle, meek and mild;

D. C.

Thou canst sympathize with me, Lord, keep me close to Thee, (to Thee.)

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No. 28. Little Bobolink.

C. H. G. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Sing, pret-ty lit-tle bob - o - link! While we're near,
2. So ear-ly in the spring you come, And so long,
3. Now, pret-ty lit-tle bob - o - link, We know why

Have no fear:
Sing your song;
You're so shy;

Please whis-tle to us all you think,
We wonder where you make your home:
Please but a moment stop to think,—

You're so hap - py,
Can you tell us?
He who loves you

Hap - py all the day.
Can you, will you, pray?
Loves the chil-dren, too.

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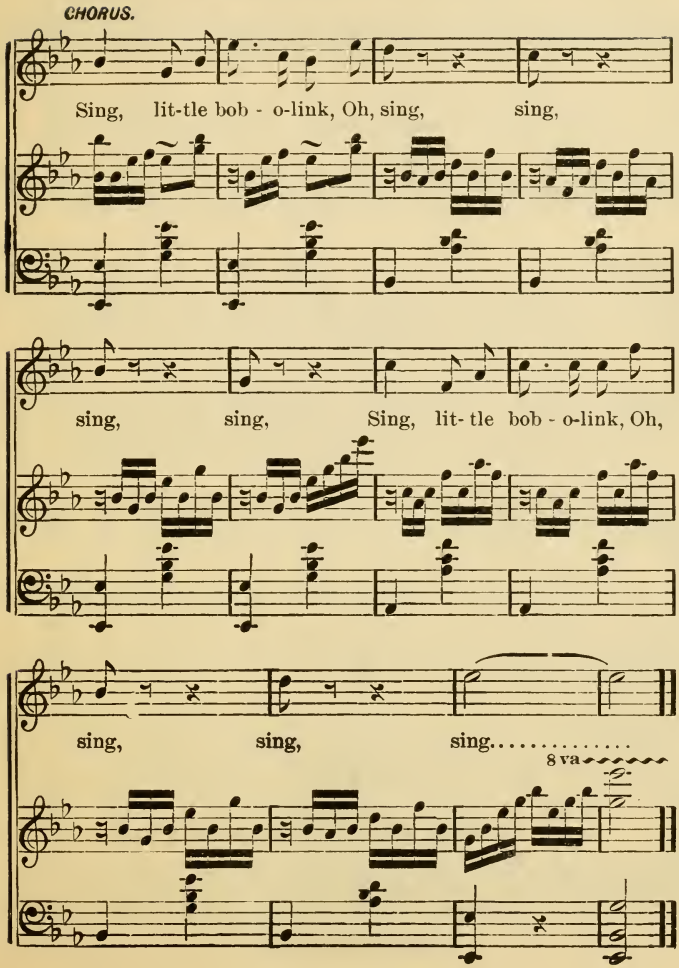
Little Bobolink. Concluded.



No. 29. Jesus, Our Friend.

LANTA WILSON SMITH. MRS. W. S. NICKLE.

1. When Je - sus lived up - on the earth, And
2. Per - haps these lit - tle boys and girls Were

healed the sick and lame; The mothers took their little ones,
sometimes naughty too; But Je - sus sent them not a- way,

And joy - ful - ly they came. He looked on them and
His love is strong and true. Although He grieves when

kind - ly said: "O let them come to Me, For -
we do wrong And slight His pre - cious name, He

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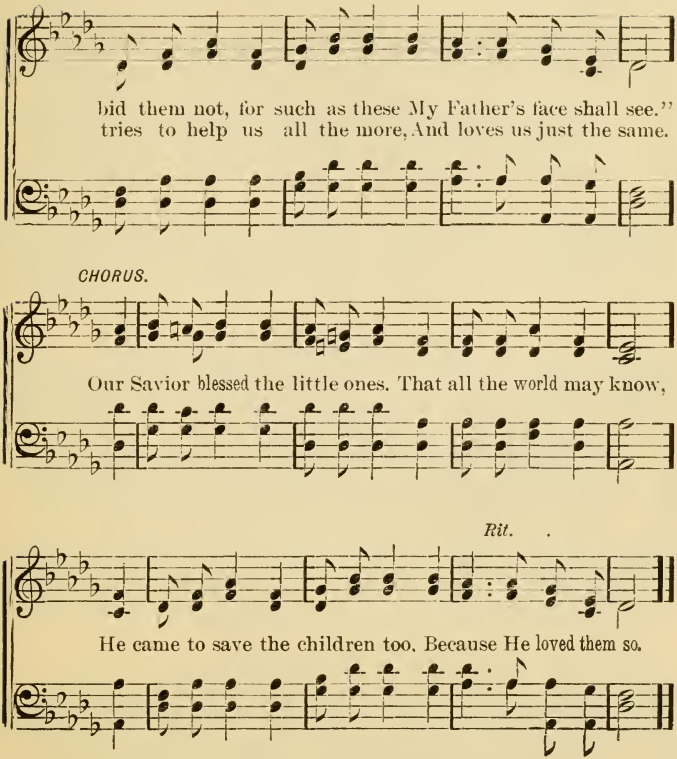
Jesus, Our Friend. Concluded.

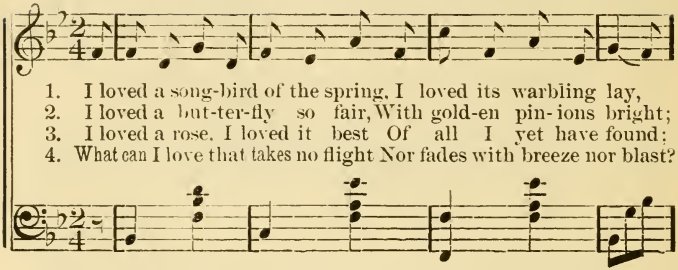


3 When little children come to Him,
He takes them in His arms;
Oh, what a safe and blessed place
To rest from all alarms.
And so we sing with happy hearts.
Our songs of joy and love;
We'll serve the blessed Savior here,
And dwell with Him above.

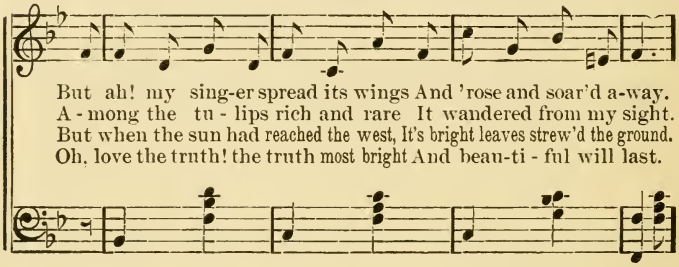
No. 30. **Love the Truth.**

* * *
SOLO.

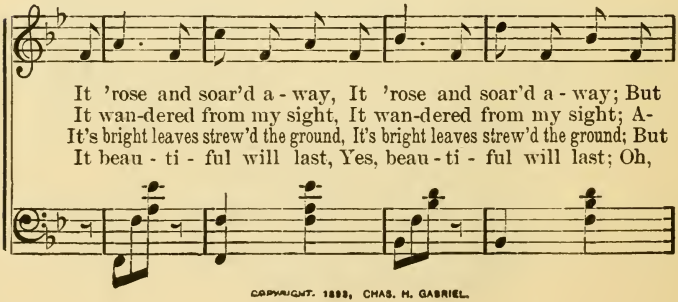
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. I loved a song-bird of the spring, I loved its warbling lay,
2. I loved a but-ter-fly so fair, With gold-en pin-ions bright;
3. I loved a rose, I loved it best Of all I yet have found;
4. What can I love that takes no flight Nor fades with breeze nor blast?



But ah! my sing-er spread its wings And 'rose and soar'd a-way.
A-mong the tu-lips rich and rare It wandered from my sight.
But when the sun had reached the west, It's bright leaves strew'd the ground.
Oh, love the truth! the truth most bright And beau-ti-ful will last.



It 'rose and soar'd a-way, It 'rose and soar'd a-way; But
It wan-dered from my sight, It wan-dered from my sight; A-
It's bright leaves strew'd the ground, It's bright leaves strew'd the ground; But
It beau-ti-ful will last, Yes, beau-ti-ful will last; Oh,

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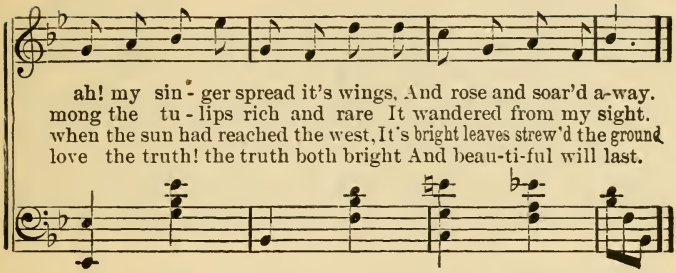
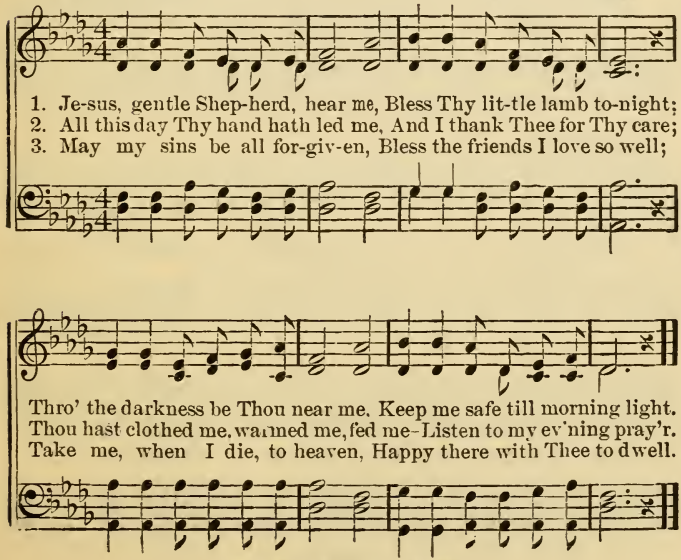
Love the Truth. Concluded.



No. 31. Jesus, Gentle Shepherd.

MARY L. DUNCAN. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



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No. 32. Happy Little Lambs are We.

Mrs. Harriet E. Jones. Henry A. Lewis.

1. Lit - tle tongues can ut - ter praise, Lit-tle feet tread golden ways;
2. Je - sus loves us un - de- filed, Je - sus loves the lit - tle child;
3. Je - sus keeps us near His side, Je - sus is our on - ly guide;

Lit - tle hands can du - ty do, Lit-tle hearts prove good and true.
Je - sus loves our souls to bless, Je - sus guards with ten-der-ness.
Je - sus holds us in His care, Here, at home, and ev -'ry-where.

CHORUS.

Lit-tle lambs, their voices raise, Lit-tle lambs, their Sav-ior praise;

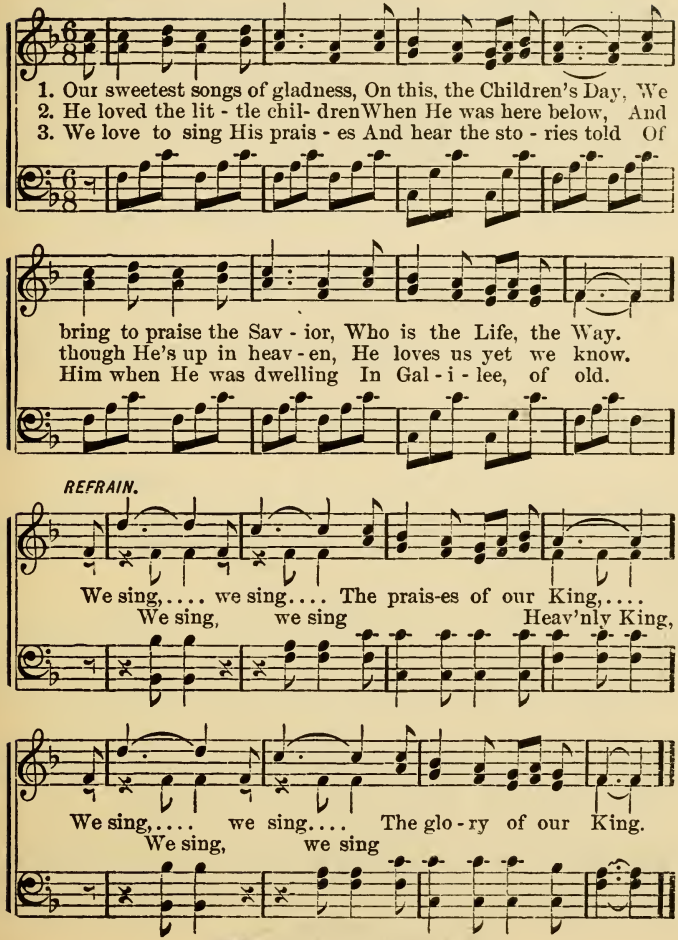
Hap - py day of ju - bi - lee, Hap - py lit - tle lambs are we.

BY PERMISSION.

No. 33.

Our King.

C. H. G. (Children's Day.) CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



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No. 34. The Children's Friend.

C. Benj. Hopkins. Mrs. W. S. Nickle.

1. Come and let us sing the Sav-ior's love, Je - sus is the
2. "Let the lit - tle chil-dren come to me," Je - sus is the
3. Come and give your heart just now to Him, Je - sus is the

chil-dren's friend; Sing of how He came from heav'n a - bove.
chil-dren's friend; "For of such" His kingdom bright shall be,
chil-dren's friend; He will light your way when days grow dim.

CHORUS.

Je - sus is the chil-dren's friend.
Je - sus is the chil-dren's friend. } Je - sus is the
Je - sus is the chil-dren's friend.

chil-dren's dear-est friend! Up - on His word we may all de-pend:

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He will keep us safe till life shall end. Jesus is the children's friend.

No. 35. Little Stars.

Rev. Wm. Appel. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Lit - tle stars can sweet - ly twink - le, Lit - tle flow- ers gai - ly bloom; Lit - tle drops can fill the o - cean, Lit - tle blos - soms shed per - fume.
2. Lit - tle eyes can bright ly spark - le, Lit - tle feet can quick - ly walk; Lit - tle hands can be quite help - ful, Lit - tle tongues can sing and talk.
3. Lit - tle girls can fol - low Je - sus, Lit - tle boys can have His mind; Lit - tle hearts can love their Sav - ior, Lit - tle souls be true and kind.

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No. 36. Little Christian Soldiers.

M. A. B. M. A. Boughton.

1. On-ward, lit-tle sol-diers, Bat-tle 'gainst the wrong!
2. Right and wrong are bat-tling, Ev-'ry day with-in,
3. If you gain the vic-t'ry, If you con-quer sin

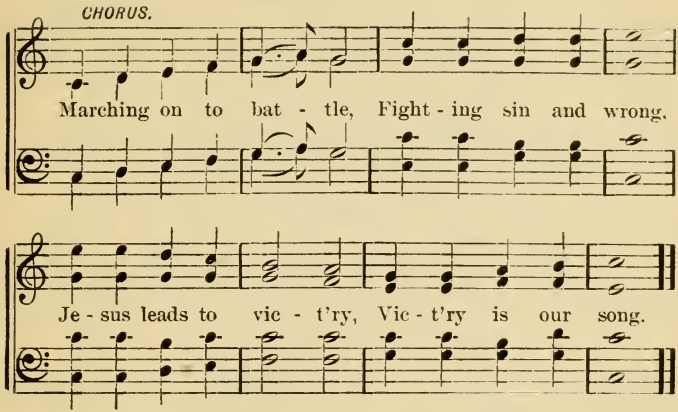
Je-sus is your Cap-tain, Then be brave and strong;
Ev-'ry day ask Je-sus Vic-to-ry to win;
When the bat-tle's ov-er You a crown shall win,

Take you for the con-flict, Faith, and hope, and song,
He will help you con-quer Ev-'ry foe you fight,
Fight then, lit-tle sol-diers, Bat-tle 'gainst the wrong,

Do as Je-sus bids you, As you march a-long.
Shield you from temp-ta-tion, Lead you in the right.
Mind your Cap-tain's or-ders, As you march a-long.

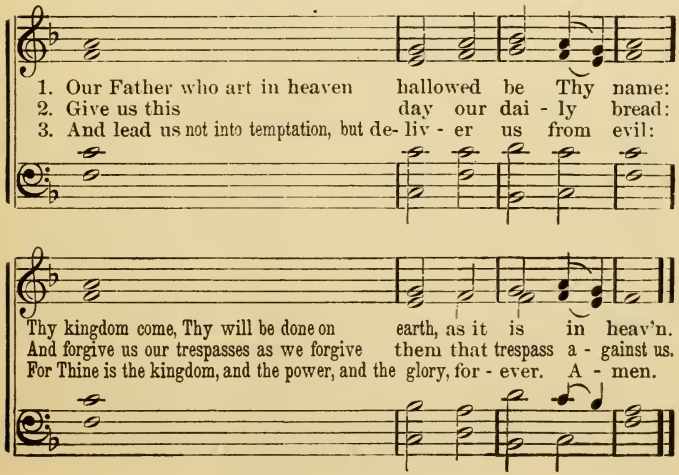
BY PERMISSION.

Little Chistian Soldiers. Concluded.



No. 37. The Lord's Prayer.

GREGORIAN.



No. 38. Bright Angels.

C. H. G. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

A In a midnight dungeon low, Paul and Si - las lay,
N Dan - iel in the li - on's den, Slept without a - larm,
G Down to Lot in So - dom came, An - gels from on high,
E Chained in Herod's pris - on cell, Pray-ing Pe - ter see,
L Je - sus lay with-in the tomb, Near the dawn of day,
S When the Sav-ior in a cloud, 'Rose to heav'n a - bove,

But an an-gel broke the bars, And struck their chain a-way.
God had sent His an-gels down, To shel-ter him from harm.
Say - ing God would burn with fire That cit-y by and by.
But an an - gel burst the gate, And shouted "fol-low me."
But an an - gel came from God, And roll'd the stone a-way.
An - gels said He should a- gain, De-scend with peace and love.

CHORUS.

Bright an - gels, sweet an - gels Are watching from a - bove;

*Note.—"Bright Angels" should be sung by six little girls appropriately dressed, and arranged conspicuously upon the platform. Let six floral wreaths or crowns be prepared, each having one of the letters contained in the word "Angels" fixed upon it. Immediately after singing her stanza, let the appropriate crown be placed upon each girl's head. All the school should sing in chorus.

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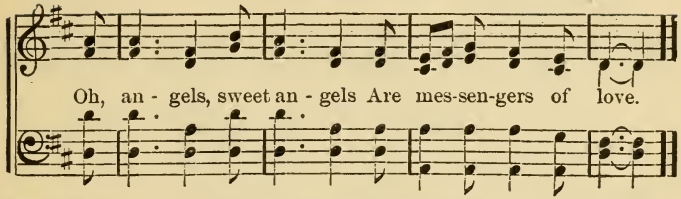
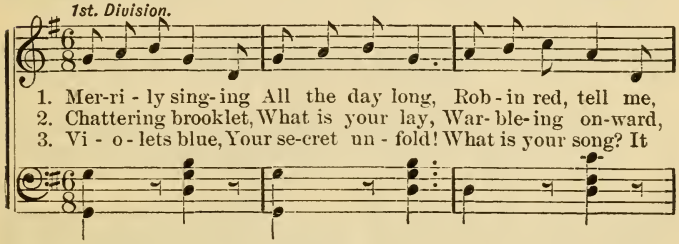
Bright Angels. Concluded.



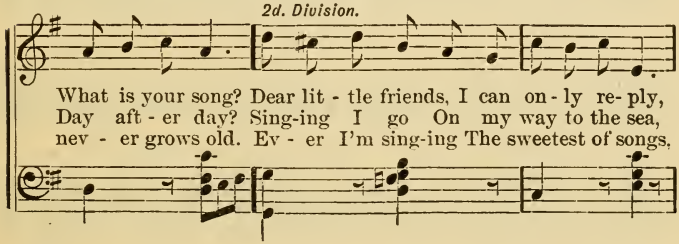
No. 39. The Sweetest Song.

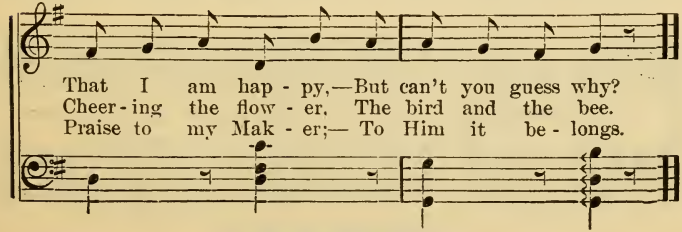
S. B. J. Dr. S. B. Jackson.

1st. Division.



2d. Division.





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No. 40. Can Jesus Use My Heart?

C. Benj. Hopkins. W. S. Nickle.

1. Can Je - sus use my lit - tle heart, And make it free from sin?
2. Can Je - sus use my lit - tle voice, To sing and speak His praise?
3. Can Je - sus use my lit - tle mind, And make it think for Him?
4. O Sav - ior! all I have I bring; Each talent Thou didst give

Can He a little strength impart, That I may fight and win?
Can He make me in Him re-joice, And tell His wondrous grace?
Can He help me my way to find, When-e'er my path grows dim?
I'll use for Thee, my Lord and King, While Thou dost let me live.

CHORUS.

Yes, He can use all I may bring, Each little gift of love

Will draw me near-er to my King, And to my home above.

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No. 41. In the Sunshine.

C. E. N. CHAS. E. NEAL.

1. In the sun-shine of God's love, We are hap- py ev -'ry day;
2. In the sun-light of His word, We are liv - ing day by day;
3. To that sun-bright land on high, Where no night is, on-ly day,

For He's show'ring from a-bove, Joys and blessings on our way.
And He says our pray'rs are heard, When to Him in faith we pray.
He will take us, by and by, There with Him for-e'er to stay.

CHORUS.

In the sunshine, in the sunshine, In the sunshine from a-bove.

Repeat p.

We are hap- py, we are hap- py, We are hap-py in His love.

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No. 42. He Loves Me so.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL. J. M. BLACK.

SOLO.

1. I know that mamma loves me, Be-cause she told me so;
2. The hap-py birds in spring-time. Are sing-ing all the day;

She nev - er yet deceived me, And nev - er will, I know:
The pret-ty flow- ers blos - som, In beau - ti - ful ar - ray;

And so I know that Je - sus Loves lit - tle ones like me:
And all they say to me is, That "God is ev - er good!"

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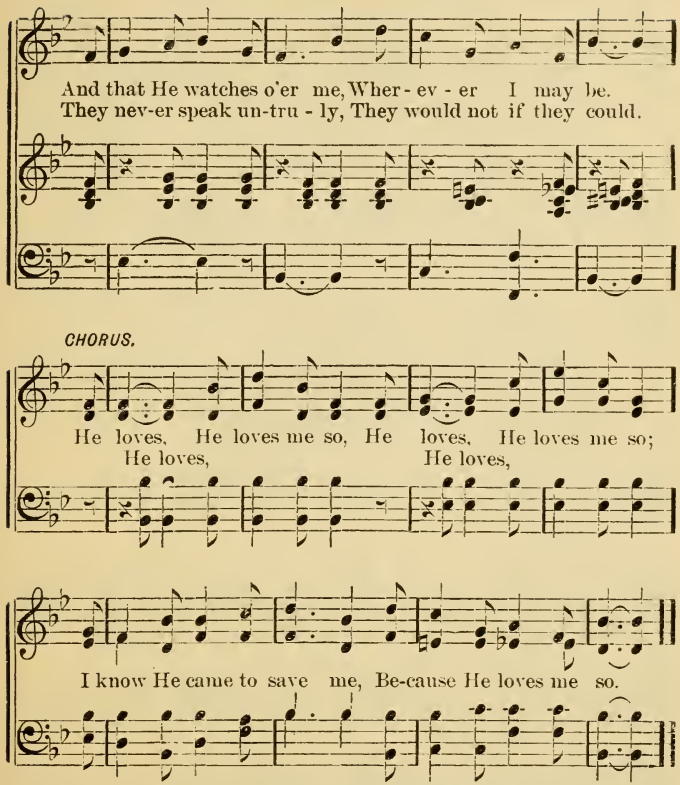
He Loves Me so. Concluded.



3 I read of sprites and brownies,
And of the fairies, too,—
But oh, there is a story
That's ever sweet and new!
It's called the "old, old story
Of Jesus and His love,"
And of the many mansions
He has prepared above.

4 It makes me very happy,—
This story sweet and old,
Because it grows the sweeter
Each time I hear it told.
Although I often wonder
Why He remembers me,
I know that Jesus loves me,
And will my Savior be.

No. 43. Christmas Carol.

WILLIAM FAWCETT, D. D. W. S. NICKLE.

1. Children, hearken, hear those voices, How the waves of song arise:
2. Loud their golden harps resounded, Telling of our sins forgiv'n;
3. 'Tis of Je-sus they are sing-ing, Of th' Anointed, Blessed One;
4. Children, while the angels praise Him, Let us too, our offerings bring,

'Tis the an-gel-hosts re-joic - ing, Making glad the upper skies.
Telling how God's love has found us, Peace for men in earth and heaven.
They to Him their offerings bringing, Bring them to Jehovah's Son.
Cast our life and all be-fore Him, Hal-le - lu - jah let us sing.

CHORUS.

Then we'll sing of peace and glo - ry, Gladly singing all the way;

Sing the joy - ful Christmas story, For 'tis Christmas time to-day.

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No. 44. Bless Us Children Now.

FANNY J. CROSBY. (Anniversary Hymn.) WM. W. BENTLY.

DUET.

1. Dear Savior, from Thy throne above, Where countless children
2. Thy mer-cy led us thro' the year That sweetly passed a-
3. Oh, may we learn in ear - ly youth Thy ho - ly word to
4. Oh, hap - py tho't, if faith - ful here, We work and watch and

bow, Oh, let Thy loving eye behold And bless us children now.
way, And thro' Thy grace we gather now To hail our festive day.
prize, The lamp that guides our feet to heav'n, Our home be-yond the skies.
pray, We'll spend with Thee in heav'n at last, An endless, happy day.

CHORUS.

Our hearts in tuneful numbers wake, Our tongues with rapture sing.

All glo-ry, hon-or, praise to Thee, Redeemer, Lord and King!

BY PERMISSION.

No. 45. Little Temples.

IDA SCOTT TAYLOR. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Lit-tle tem-ples, Lord are we, Build-ed on Thy love—
2. Lit-tle eyes are ours, to see Things that God has made;
3. Lit-tle ears, dear Lord, have we, Trumpets for Thy truth—
4. Lit-tle hands to us were giv'n, Made to do Thy will;

Reach-ing up-ward ev-'ry day Toward the skies a-bove;
Pre-cious gifts to us are they, Show-ing light and shade:
Made to car-ry ti-dings sweet In-to hearts of youth;
Lit-tle feet to walk Thy paths—Nev-er to be still;

Help us lay our corn-er stone In the name of Christ a-lone.
Let us use them as we should—On-ly for our temple's good.
If Thy temples we would be, We must use our ears for Thee.
These will help us swift-ly go, Make our temples stronger grow.

CHORUS.

Bless Thy lit-tle tem-ples, Je-sus dear, Bless them one and all;

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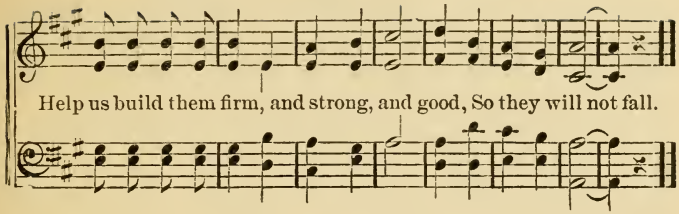
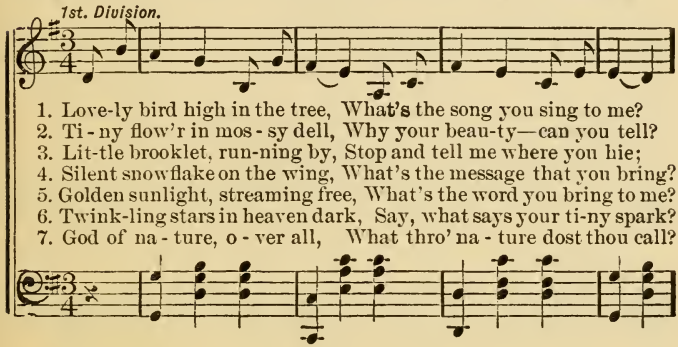
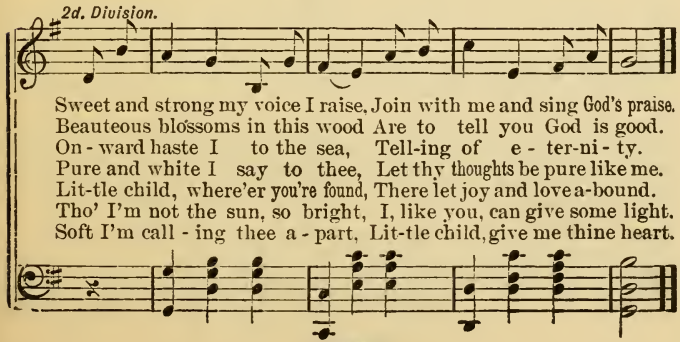
Little Temples. Concluded.



No. 46. The Lesson of Nature.

M. A. B. M. A. Boughton.

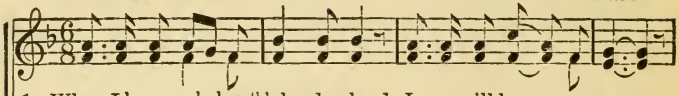




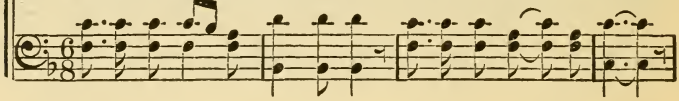
BY PERMISSION.

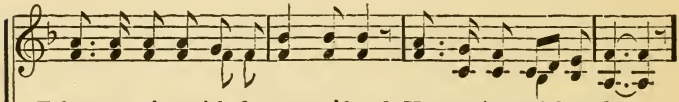
No. 47. Jesus Will Bear Me O'er.

L. E. Jones. W. S. Nickle.

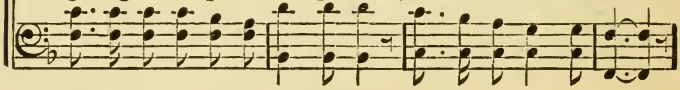


1. When I have reached earth's border-land, Jesus will bear me a - way;
2. Cit - y of glo-ry so bright and fair, Cit- y of peace a - bove,
3. Dwelling with Jesus in glo-ry-land, What could I ask be - side?

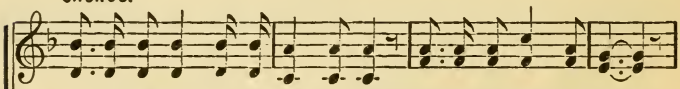




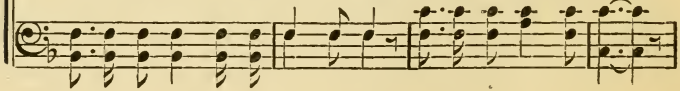
Take me to sing with the ransomed band, Hap-py in end-less day.
I shall sing prais-es to Je-sus there, Tell-ing His wondrous love.
Sing - ing the song of the an-gel-band, Near to the Savior's side.

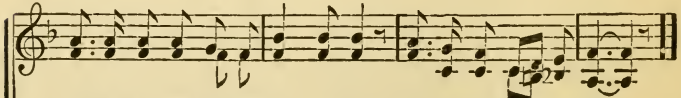


CHORUS.

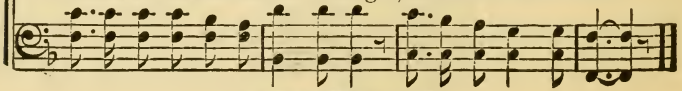


Car-ried a-way to the realms of light, Safe on the gold-en shore;





In-to the summer-land ev- er bright, Jesus will bear me o'er.



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No. 48. Little Gleaners.

* * *

Dr. S. B. Jackson.

1. We are on-ly lit-tle gleaners, As our lit - tle sheaf will tell;
2. We are on-ly lit-tle gleaners, Stronger arms had gone be-fore,
3. We are on-ly lit-tle gleaners, But our Sav - ior, good and kind,

But we followed near the reapers, And we gath - ered all that fell.
Carry-ing in the gold-en harvest To en - rich the Master's store.
Always smiles when children serve Him, With the best that they can find.

CHORUS.

Savior, bless Thy lit-tle gleaners, And when an-gel reapers come,

With the wheat, within Thy garner, May they find a "welcome home."

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No. 49. **Seeking Treasures.**

T. C. N. Rev. T. C. Neal.

1. We are here to gath-er jew-els, Treasures from the Master's
2. We are here to learn of Je-sus, Les-sons that will help the
3. Loving Fa-ther, help us, lead us. In the bless-ed straight and

gos-pel mine; Treas-ures that are sure e-ter-nal,
youthful soul; Les-sons that will make us hap-py,
nar-row way; Till we gain the prize so pre-cious,

CHORUS.

Giv-en by the King di-vine,
While e-ter-nal a-ges roll.
In the realms of end-less day.
} Treasures, priceless, heav'nly

treas-ures From the bless-ed gos-pel mine we're seek-ing

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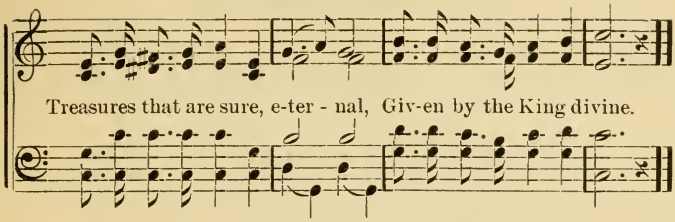
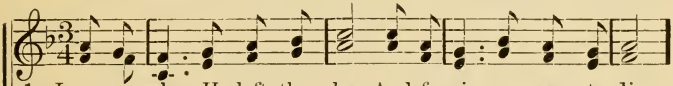
Seeking Treasures.

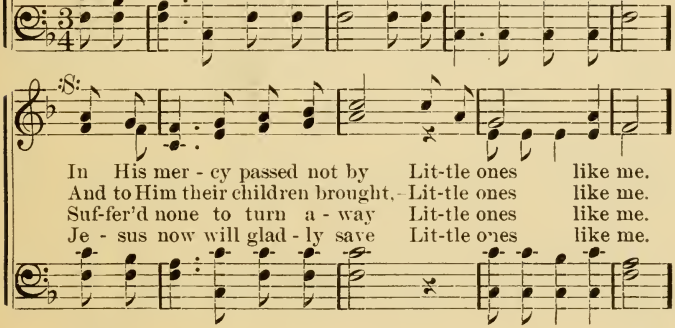


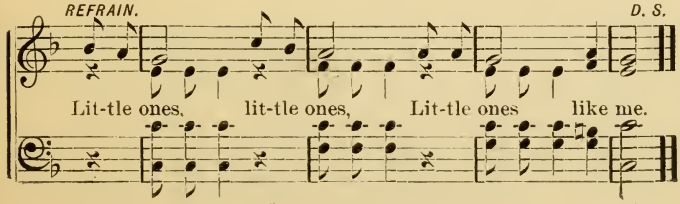
No. 50. Little Ones.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. Je - sus, when He left the sky, And for sin-ners came to die.
2. Moth-ers then the Sav- ior sought In the plac-es where He taught,
3. Did the Sav - ior say them nay? No! He kindly bade them stay,
4. 'Twas for them His life He gave, To re-deem them from the grave:





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No. 51. The Future Law-Makers.

W. W. B. Mrs. W. W. Brown.

1. I'm a lit-tle "Loy-al Legion" { boy, girl, } I'm on-ly ten years old,
2. I don't know much about the curse, But this I know full well:
3. The broken hearts of mothers dear, The cries of lit-tle ones,
4. We are coming, coming, one and all, To fight against the wrong;

But in the cause of temperance, My name has been enrolled.
That wine and cider, gin and rum, They never-more should sell
Plead earnestly for help from us, The daughters and the sons.
We all are "Loyal Le-gioners," Three hundred thousand strong

CHORUS.

We are growing up, you see, And we'll help the temp'rance cause.

When we're twen-ty-one, you know, Then we'll make the laws.

BY PERMISSION.

No. 52. **Trusting Jesus.**

FRONIA SMITH. J. H. FILLMORE

D. C.–1. We're a band of hap - py chil - dren, Trust-ing Je - sus,
2. Zi - on's hill we're brave-ly climb - ing, Trust-ing Je - sus,
3. Naught can fright us, naught can harm us, Trust-ing Je - sus,

trust-ing Je - sus, On the way that leads to heav - en,
trust-ing Je - sus, Guid-ed by our glo - rious Cap - tain,
trust-ing Je - sus, As we march be - neath His ban - ner,

Fine. *CHORUS.*

Trust-ing all the way. Trust-ing, trust-ing, Trusting Him to

D. C.

lead us safe - ly, Trusting, trusting, Trusting all the way.

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No. 53. I'm a Little Soldier.

C. Benj. Hopkins. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. I'm a lit - tle sol - dier, With a sword and shield;
2. I'm a lit - tle sol - dier Of the heav'n-ly King;
3. I'm a lit - tle *Chris-tian,* Je - sus has my heart,

Fight - ing for my Mas - ter, Nev - er will I yield.
Ev - er in His prais - es, I can speak and sing.
And I know that nev - er From Him I'll de - part.

I am trust - ing in Him, Ev - 'ry pass - ing day,
Je - sus came to save me,—Left His home a - bove,
He will keep me ev - er Safe be- neath His care;

Know-ing He will lead me In the per - fect way.
So I tell the sto - ry, Of His won - drous love.
Then at last He'll take me, To His man - sion fair.

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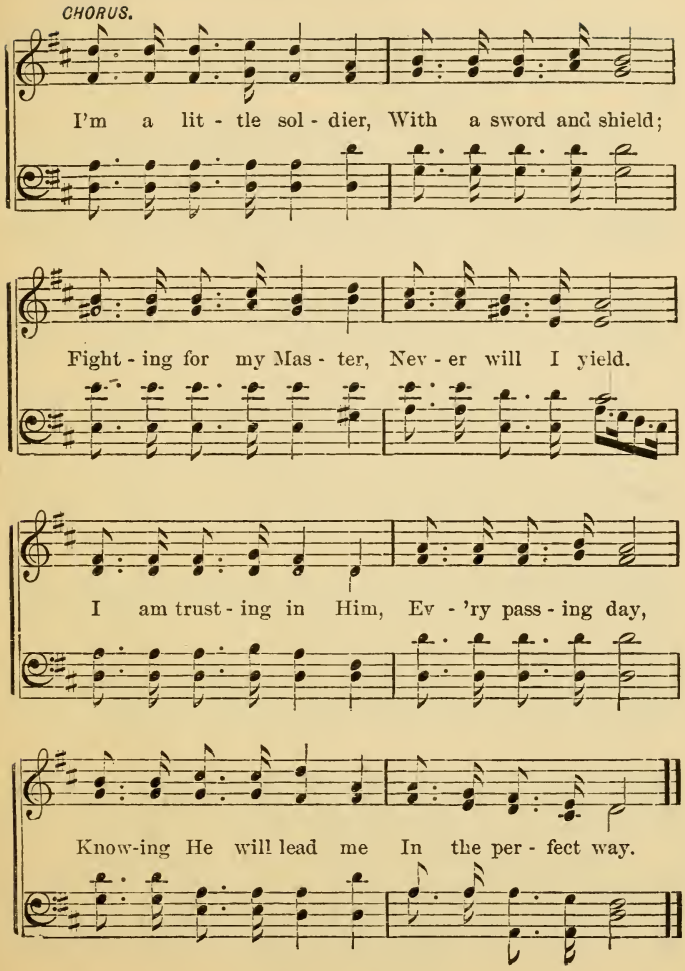
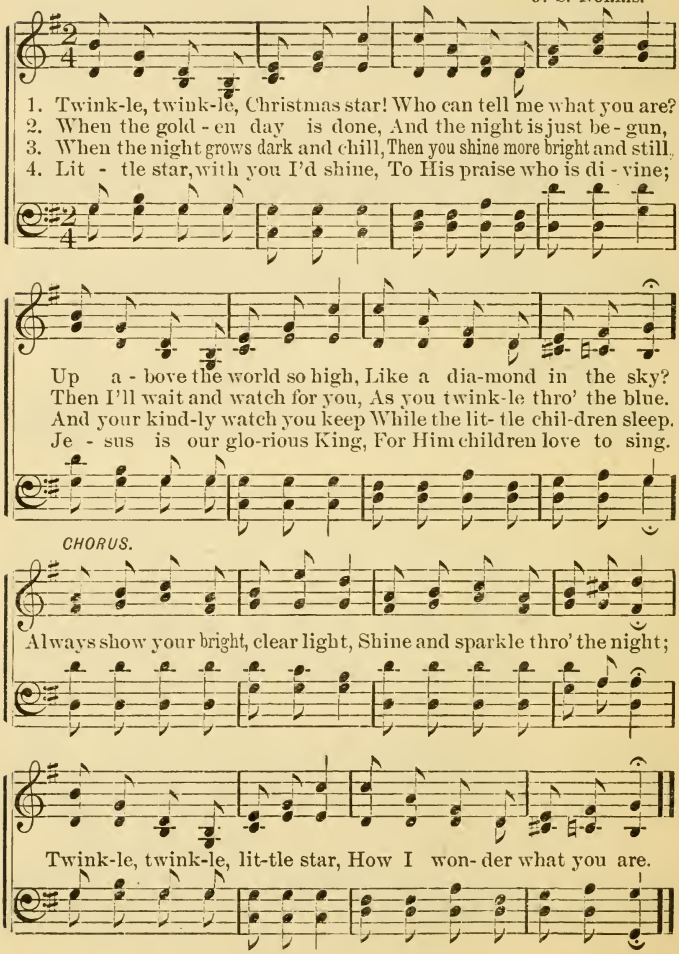
I'm a Little Soldier. Concluded.



No. 54. Twinkle, Twinkle, Christmas Star.

J. S. Norris.



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No. 55. Because He Loves Us so.

* * *

CHAS. E. NEAL.

1. We love to sing of Je - sus; He does so much, we know,
2. We love to work for Je - sus, And ev - 'ry day to go
3. We love to pray to Je - sus, From whom all blessings flow;

To make us good and hap - py, Be-cause He loves us so.
And do some lit - tle kind - ness, Be-cause He loves us so.
And well we know He hears us, Be-cause He loves us so.

CHORUS.

We'll love Him, we'll love Him, While in this world be - low: And

then he'll take us home to heav'n, Be-cause He loves us so.

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No. 56. Flowers and Sunshine.

H. G. Jackson, D. D. (For Children's Day.) W. S. Nickle.

1. Lit - tle buds and blos - soms In the spring-time fair
2. Lit - tle gleams of sun - shine On a win - try - day,
3. Hap-py lit - tle child - ren Are the flow-'rets gay,

Shed a gen - tle fra-grance On the dew - y air:
Gild the darksome storm-clouds Chase the gloom a - way;
And their smiles are sun - shine, Driv-ing gloom a - way;

And their qui - et beau - ty. Thro' the sun - ny hours,
So, tho' weep-ing lin - ger Thro' the hours of night,
Gifts of grate-ful in - crease They to Je - sus bring,

Tells of Him whose mer - cy Car - eth for the flow'rs.
Hope will come with dawn-ing, Joy, with morning light.
When with tune-ful voic - es Songs of praise they sing.

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No. 57. In Sweet By-and-by.

I. N. McH. I. N. McHose.

DUET. *CHORUS.*

1. We will lay our bur-dens down, By-and-by, by-and-by;
2. Sin's dark night will pass a - way, By-and-by, by-and-by;
3. Tho' we part we'll meet a - gain, By-and-by, by-and-by;

DUET. *CHORUS.*

Leave the cross and wear the crown, In sweet by - and-by.
Then we'll live in end - less day, In sweet by - and-by.
Meet as priests and kings to reign, In sweet by - and-by.

FULL CHORUS.

O we will hap - py be, By - and - by, by - and - by;

Prais - ing e - ter - nal - ly, In sweet by - and - by.

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INDEX.

	No.
An Evening Prayer	17
Because He loves us so	55
Bless us Children now	44
Branches of the Vine	2
Bright Angels	38
Busy little Gleaners	12
Can Jesus use my heart	40
Christmas Carol	43
Consecration Hymn	18
Do no sinful action	10
Even the Waifs of the Street	4
Flowers and Sunshine	56
Future Law-makers	51
Golden Days	11
Happy little Lambs are we	32
He loves me so	42
He loves me, too	5
In Sweet By-and-by	57
I know what I'll do	19
I'm a little Soldier	53
In the Sunshine	41
Jesus, Gentle Shepherd	31
Jesus, Help me	13
Jesus, I come to Thee	9
Jesus' Little Ones	6
Jesus, Our Friend	29
Jesus, Savior dear to me	27
Jesus will bear me o'er	47
Let the little Children come	20
Little Bobolink	28
Little Branches	1
Little Christian Soldiers	36
Little Gleaners	48
Little Ones	50
Little Reapers	8
Little Soldiers	3
Little Stars	35
Little Temples	45
Love the Truth	30
Meet me over there	22
Our hearts o'erflow	7
Our King	33
Prayer	25
Room in Thine arms	26
Seeking Treasures	49
The Children's Friend	34
The Lesson of Nature	46
The Little Lord Jesus	21
The Lord's Prayer. (*Chant*)	37
The Lord's Prayer	14
The Savior's Invitation	15
The Sweetest Song	39
Trusting Jesus	52
Twinkle, Christmas Star	54
What I would not be	24
What need of Thee	16
What would come to pass	23

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